

THE YPSI-SEM



ALUMNI NUMBER

Vol. 3

MARCH, 1913

No. 6

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The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 3

YPSILANTI, MICH., MARCH, 1913

No. 6

L I T E R A R Y

Was It Worth While?

"What's the use of trying, anyway, when no one cares much, and then it doesn't do any good." These were the thoughts of Frances Guest as she put her books away that night. "I don't believe Aunt Alice cares if I do get good marks; anyway she can not afford to send me to college, so what's the use? Frances certainly wasn't looking on the bright side of things that day. She had not had the easiest path in life, because when she was only five years old, both her father and mother were killed in a railroad accident, leaving their only daughter to the care of a maiden aunt. It was difficult for Aunt Alice to keep Frances with her, because she had to earn her living by saving; and sometimes it was hard to get work.

Going outside, Frances felt that the weather was in much the same mood as she was. A light snow was falling from the heavy grey clouds and all the world seemed oppressed and dreary. She was a very unhappy girl when she reached home. Slamming the door, she rushed upstairs to her room, threw her books down on the floor and burst into tears.

Later that evening her aunt found her curled up in a dim little heap on the bed, sound asleep.

"Wake up, child," she said, "and listen to this wonderful piece of news that I have for you. That is right, rub your eyes, for in a minute you'll have cause to rub them harder to find out if you really are awake. Listen to this. Your high school faculty has just sent me notice that, because of your good work and

school spirit, they are going to offer you a scholarship in one of the best colleges in the state."

Frances was wide awake by this time and dancing up and down the room, shouting, "Oh joy! now I can go to college." She ended this with a little shriek, and catching her aunt around the waist, waltzed her around the room again and again.

"Oh, Aunt Alice, is it really true?"

"Well, I guess it is, here is the notice."

"It just makes me hungry, I'm not a bit like girls in story books 'too happy to eat' 'cause I'm just as hungry as a bear. Let's go get supper."

Later that evening aunt and niece had a long talk, and Frances learned that her aunt had not encouraged her in her work, because she had been afraid that there would not be money enough to send her to college. Then they spoke of her future work and how she would earn the money to pay back all to the school. They made many suggestions as to how Frances might save money during her course; and the little clock on the shelf had chimed eleven times before either thought of bed or sleep.

Dearest Aunt Alice:

Well, I'm here at last and at least partly settled. I have a very good room, that is, the price is good, and I am getting accustomed to everything. Tomorrow I'm going to find a place to work for my board. Notice please that I said 'I'm going to.' Wednesday is my day of fate. "Exams"! Oh, Aunt Alice, what

if I shouldn't pass them and should be a disgrace to our dear old high school? I can't think of it so, for now, I am

Your most worried,

Frances.

Time went on, as it has a habit of doing, and Frances not only passed her "exams," but received very good grades. She found that, by giving lessons in German twice a week to people who came to college for goodness knows what, she could get along very nicely. Each week she wrote to her aunt of her joys, trials and, sometimes, failures.

Dear Aunt Alice:

I'm just as happy as a bug-in-a-rug, however happy that may be. My work is awfully heavy sometimes, along with my tutoring you know, and I often have to stay up until morning, but just at present everything is going along smoothly.

My English professor is very kind to me and even encourages me in writing short stories. The other day he read one of my poems aloud in class. Now you mustn't think your niece is bragging, 'cause you know that is not the way I mean it. The assistant professor, Mr. Ruxton, has been very kind to me, too. Twice he brought me home from lectures, and the other day he asked me to go to the concert.

Here comes one of my students, so I'll have to stop.

Your loving

Frances.

Frances' college course was like that of most other girls, a mixture of joys and trials. Poor Aunt Alice! one minute she would be serenely happy, thinking how happy Frances was, but the next minute, the mail would bring her a letter full of woes and troubles. First, she would be in hot water for fear that Frances might not make good in her work; and then her fear would be changed to joy. The second year Frances wrote the following:

Dearest Youngest Aunt:

I'm so happy I could just shout for joy. Now hold your breath and listen to me. I've

earned my very first money by writing a short story for one of the magazines. Yes, sir, or madam, and they said they would take more as good. Isn't that the most wonderful news I could ever tell you? Mr. Ruxton, the English assistant, and I had luncheon downtown that day, just to celebrate. I'm sure you would like him, Aunt Alice. He is so gentlemanly and always does what ought to be done. I have sent part of my money back to the school just as a "starter."

Please write soon.

Frances.

A month later came the following:

Dear Aunt:

Did you ever have anything that you had written sent back to you? Well, if you have, you know how I feel today. A perfectly good story that took me just ages to write came back with the following: "Too full of imagination. Write something true to life." Now I call that an insult. As though people would rather have stories about commonplace things than beautiful ideal stories. I have cried two hours over it, so I might as well brace up and stick to everyday things, such as getting to classes, etc. Anyway, Dick Ruxton has come to go skating, so I'll have to close.

Frances.

In a very short time the four years were over and Frances was again home. The people in the little town were all proud of her, for had they not read her stories in the very latest magazines? Shortly after her arrival, a luncheon was given for her, and great was the amazement of the guests when the announcement of her marriage to Mr. Dick Ruxton was made.

There were many discussions and comments in the little town that night, and for a few minutes the faculty wondered whether it had really paid to send Frances to college. When, in after years, they read her stories and poems, they decided that it had indeed been 'worth while' and we are all sure that Mr. Ruxton had long been of that opinion.

RUTH CLEARY, '13.



A Day in Florence

It was the twenty-second of April, 1911, one of those perfect spring days in Italy. Above was a cloudless, deep-blue sky.

The narrow irregular streets of old Florence "the brightest star in star-bright Italy," were crowded with an eager, happy throng. Banners, flags and rugs were hanging from all the windows. Why had the pleasure-loving Florentines thus decorated their city, and why were they themselves all in holiday attire? What significance did the twenty-second of April have for them?

Just fifty-two years before, in 1859, they had driven their conquerors, the hated Austrians, out of the city, and had joined the cause of Victor Emanuel II, the great king who was destined to unite Italy under one flag and make of her one of the great nations of Europe. A great historian has said that modern Italy has furnished one of the finest examples of revival of political reorganization, and of the reinstitution of order to civil society, which has been furnished by any age or country.

For years the country had been parcelled out to the other nations of Europe, and it was not until 1861 that it was practically united. The province of Venice was even then held by Austria, and the troops of Napoleon were still quartered in Rome. In 1866, Prussia forced Austria to yield Venice to Italy; and the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, caused the removal of French troops from Rome. On the twentieth of September, the Italian soldiers entered the Eternal City in triumph, and the ancient city of the Caesars was once more the capital of a United Italy.

Now let us go back to Florence on the

fifty-second anniversary of her deliverance. Every society in the city, and there were many of them, the school children, and those old red-shirted soldiers of Garibaldi, who had played so large a part in Italy's deliverance, gathered in Piazza Indipendenza early in the afternoon, to form the procession that was to march through the gayly decorated streets of the old city.

And what a sight it was! Each organization was led by its own band and a standard bearer with a magnificent banner. As they struck up the Italian hymn, the procession started. The old veterans squared their shoulders and marched off as briskly and with as much spirit as the little school boys who were keeping such excellent time. On and on the procession went, past the marble cathedral where Savonarola preached, to the public square where he had been hanged and burned, and to many other places noted in the history of Florence.

In the evening the buildings facing Piazza Indipendenza were illuminated with red, green and white lights, the Italian national colors, arranged in lines around the whole square. Stationed in two large band stands, the four best regimental bands in the city played selections from the great Italian composers. The square was filled with a happy, good natured throng; there was no pushing or crowding.

The night was perfect, as the day had been, the stars shone brightly in that deep azure sky, and one more never-to-be-forgotten day had been added to our stay in the "city of flowers."

J. C. L.

WE LAUGH AT HIM FOR A' THAT

Is there in scorn of studisusness,

Who looks around, an' a' that?

The noisy bore, we all dislike,

We laugh at him for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

His silly tricks, an' a' that;

The noise he makes disturbs our work,

We laugh at him for a' that.

What though his lessons are forgot,

He fail in class, an' a' that;

Gie boys their fun, an' profs their woe,

We laugh at him for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

His boisterous laugh, an' a' that;

His average mate, though e'er sae smart,

Will laugh at him for a' that.

Though hundreds laugh when he acts
smart,

He's wasting time for a' that;

For a' that, an' a' that,

His silly grin, an' a' that;

The busiest ones, in any room,

Will sit an' laugh at a' that.

M. WILBUR, '14.

The Wrong Satchel and What Came Of It

The last good byes had been said, as the long train pulled out of the station and Elizabeth Etherton turned from the observation car and went into the Pullman.

The ground was covered with a thick snow, and even now it was coming down in great flakes as though it wished to cover up the busy old world with a blanket of whiteness.

Elizabeth was from Texas and had never had the chance to enjoy the skating and coasting, so perhaps that was why it seemed so wonderful to her.

Now she was going to spend her vacation which her chum, Helen Gorham, whose home was in Chicago.

When Elizabeth, commonly called Betty, went into the car she dropped down into the chair reserved for her, taking out a book and a box of candy. She put her suit case into the rack and settled down for a long trip. But for some reason she could not interest herself in the book, so she whiled away the time by making stories of the different people in the car.

What a lovely "Grama Lady" that was sitting a few seats from her. She was sure she was one of those dear old ladies who was always ready to tell ghost stories or fairy tales, and always had peppermints or winter-green drops which she produced like magic for the rosy-mouthed grandchildren.

The old man sitting across from her, she imagined was going home from his first trip from New York and probably had presents for the daughters at home in the huge carpet bag which he hung to as if afraid some one would take it. Perhaps one of the daughters was an invalid and he was taking her a striped shawl, which had taken his eye in one of the great department stores. It would probably run or fade the first time it was washed, but she would wear it still as dear father brought it from New York. So on through the car, till she came to the chair next to her.

In it was a young man who seemed busily engaged in reading and sorting papers or documents of some sort. Now and then he took out his watch and looked at it anxiously. Finally putting all the papers in his suit case, he sat looking out of the window in deep thought. She had fully made up her mind that he was

either a lawyer who was to testify in a case or a detective working up facts on some great case.

The train was due in Chicago at four o'clock and now it was growing dusk as the train rushed through the darkness into the great city, the people began putting on their wraps and rolled up to keep out the bitter cold. The young man took down Betty's suit case and his own from the rack, and after handing her hers, made quickly for the front of the car.

Helen met her at the station and they were driven up to the house at once.

An hour later when Betty went up stairs to dress for dinner, she opened her suit case to take out the lovely pink dress which she had packed so carefully. But when she looked in she uttered a cry of surprise which brought Helen quickly down the hall. She found Betty looking in amazement into the suit case.

"Oh, Helen," she cried, "What do you think has happened? Just look in there," and she pointed at the open suit case.

There, where she had so carefully packed her things, were neat piles of papers bound together with wide rubber bands. Both girls looked at each other in wonderment, then burst into laughter.

"Never mind, Betty, we can fix you up all right," said Helen, "but I pity that poor man, if these papers are as important as they look reposing there so calmly."

In the meantime Mr. Ronald Creighton, jr., the owner of the suit case, hastily made his way out of the Illinois Central station and called a taxicab. "Northwest court house," he told the driver, "and as quickly as possible."

"If necessary break all speed limits, but have me there by four-fifteen at the latest."

At that time he rushed into the court room, and a sigh of relief swept through the crowd.

"Well, Mr. Creighton, we had almost given up your coming and were about to postpone the case, 'Did you bring the papers?'"

"Yes, sir, I have them all here," and he opened the suit case.

"What on earth," he exclaimed as he held up a dainty pink gown and slipper.

The room was in a shout of laughter.

"Order," roared the judge, bringing down

his gavel, "What is the meaning of all this, and where are the papers?"

"I am sure, your honor, there has been some great mistake, and wherever they are some poor girl is as anxiously waiting for this as I am for the papers."

"Well," said the judge, "it looks as if the case was lost, but do you think you could have them here by ten tomorrow, if we postponed the case until then?"

"I'll do my best, sir, and if there is a reporter here give this to him at once," taking a sheet from his note book he wrote a short notice.

"Have this go in the morning paper on the front page," he said as he gave it to the reporter.

The following morning while the girls were having breakfast, Jack Gorham, Helen's older brother, came into the room.

"Well, Betty, the lost is found. Read this," and he handed her the morning paper. There on the front page in large type was this notice:

"Owner of suit case with initials 'E. L. E.' and containing pink dress, which was exchange-

ed for suit case containing important papers, please call at northwest court house before ten this morning and bring suit case."

An hour later the two girls alighted at the court house, where they delivered the suit case to the owner and Betty received her own.

The next day Mr. Creighton called up to wish them a happy Christmas and to tell them that the case came out successfully in his favor.

During that year Ronald Creighton made great progress in his profession and became one of the leading young lawyers.

On the following Christmas, which Helen spent with Betty, she came suddenly into the library and saw two figures standing by the window looking out into the growing dusk. She turned quickly to leave the room, but not quickly enough to miss these few words:

"You're not sorry for the loss of your suit case now, are you? and the answer, "It was a blessed mistake."

And the evening shadows and the glowing fire framed a vision of coming happiness.

The Mystery of Michael McCabe's Circus

John Paul Jones was lost! And he was the whole circus, too, or so the Fat Lady sobbed, as she fell on the neck of her soulmate, Sammie Stout, who, by the way, was the "World's" Most Famous Living Skeleton". All Cape Linden was thrilled with the news, the very waves on big, blue Lake Michigan seemed to murmur mournful messages to the stones that glared in the August sunshine. In fact, the ticket agent, Mr. McCabe, was the only one who accepted the horrible situation in a serene manner, but he could afford to be calm, for his checked red and yellow vest blazed in sympathy with the hearts of the multitude.

The "Michael McCabe Circus" was of no little renown, perhaps because of Miss Lizzie, the fat lady, but I'm inclined to think that John Paul Jones had as much to do with its popularity as anyone, and now he was gone. He had not been seen since his feast after the big, glorious, hot, dusty parade, which had occurred that morning. And who deserved a feast more than he? All eyes had been fixed upon his handsome form from the minute he came into view, until he vanished into his

canvas dwelling. But he had not meant to be conspicuous, for John Paul Jones was a very unpretentious being; and if you believe in signs, one glance at his ears would have cleared away any doubt as to his selfishness.

It was growing dark. The sun streaked the west with a blurred rainbow that was reproduced again and again on the waves, that lapped and laughed an ceaseless song on the sands of the shore. The little town felt melancholy and many eyes were turned to the sunset, as eyes generally do, in times of depression.

What was that! Did something stir out of those calm waters that were singing their slumber song? Against the warm glow of the west rose a large black Something! Someone shrieked, (I guess it was the Fat Lady, fat ladies usually shriek). All the faces of McCabe's Circus were turned to the shore, where slowly, steadily, up the misty beach strolled the substantial substance of John Paul Jones, the "Biggest, Greatest, Oldest, Most Intelligent Elephant on the Face of the Earth."

DORIS JAMES, '14.

Unexpected Guests

It was a long, long time ago in 1781, when the cries and groans of dying men rang throughout the colonies; a time when nearly all of the colonies were stained with bloodshed; a period of battles, the outcome of which was to settle the question of supremacy between England and America.

In Pennsylvania, on the Juniata River, which is a branch of the Susquehanna, there stood an ancient log house. The building was situated quite a distance from the river and could not easily be discovered on account of the heavy growth of timber on both banks. For these reasons, and because it was far from civilization, it was not often disturbed by either the Redcoats or the Yankees.

About this house there towered pines which seemed to pierce the blue heavens, and the sun, shining down through their green foliage made strange yet beautiful colors on the thick knotted grass. The birds sang cheerily in the boughs making one feel as though life were really worth living.

But presently another sound was heard, far sweeter than that of the birds. It was a maiden's voice. Ah, then you saw her as she stepped lightly along the path which led through the woods. And, when she had turned her face toward you, you noticed the sad expression which lingered about her eyes and lips. It had been years since her father left to fight for his country, he visited his home but once during that eight long years of struggle. Had she not cause to be sad?

Suddenly there appeared before the unsuspecting girl, a stranger. A glance told her that he was a Redcoat. He was followed by twelve other men of his own order. As much surprised as the girl, he finally managed to say, quietly:

"Good morning, Miss."

"Good morning, sir," she said.

"Do not become frightened, child, but can you tell us where we may obtain food? We are nearly famished."

He need not have warned her, for she was not a coward. Looking him full in the face she replied, "Excuse me, sir, but we are not in the habit of entertaining the enemy of our country. I'm afraid you will have to seek help elsewhere."

"Girl," he exclaimed in amazement, "how dare you! Look at us. Does not our condition appeal to you?"

"I'm sorry, sir," was all she said.

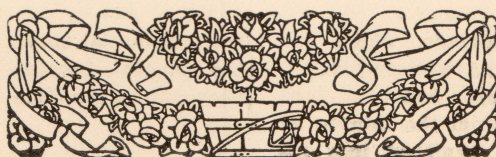
Quietly and without hesitation he caught her by the arm and commanded, "Now show me the way."

She was forced to obey, for having gotten thus far they could easily have found it for themselves. And, not wishing them to frighten her mother, she led the way.

Arriving at the house, the girl, with the aid of the officer, carefully explained the situation to her mother. And the woman, having a soft spot in her heart for the British, offered them food.

After the men had seated themselves about the table, Elizabeth took her place by the open window. As she sat gazing out she again saw something which caused her a second surprise. Emerging from the edge of the forest and surrounding the house were a great number of American soldiers. A few minutes later the door was thrust open, and a number of them rushed in. The surprise was complete and so was the capture, for the leader of the Americans was the girl's father. He had been following these Redcoats for two weeks, and had caught them in their own trap.

MAY MURPHY.



The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

Entered as second-class matter, November 19, 1910, at the postoffice at Ypsilanti, Michigan, under the act of August 24, 1912.

Subscription Rates

Fifty cents per school year

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Editorials

Working one's way through high school is a fine and honorable thing and yet not very difficult. Most boys who have any desire for an education can secure one for there are numerous ways in which he can earn enough money to defray the expense of his high school career. The expense is very small and there is a good deal of spare time in which to earn this money. But when one endeavors to work his way through a university, he is confronted by a different and much more difficult problem. The expense is considerably more and there is less spare time in which to earn money. So

he can, to a certain extent work his way but he must have some aid from some outside source.

To meet this difficulty scholarships have been formed in different colleges to help bright ambitious boys get an education. And this is just what a few of the Y. H. S. Alumni are endeavoring to do. They wish to raise a fund to aid such boys.

This is certainly a fine movement and should be supported by all who are in a position to do so. A boy who has had to work for his education and who has been aided in this way, will value his education more than one who has had an unlimited supply of money from home. He will work hard and try to get every bit of good possible out of his course and consequently will become a more brilliant man. The world is in need of men who are workers and boys aided in this way who otherwise would not be able to go through college will make just such men. So let us do all within our power to aid these few men who have started this worthy movement.

—:o:—

FROM THE MANAGERS TABLE

We have departed from tradition, tradition handed down for fifteen years, and will have a new and original Dixit. We will have a new shape and size, a new style cover, lots of new cuts, not one that has ever been used before, some corking good stories, and pages and pages of jokes—real jokes.

But originality, size, shape, or literary and humoristic qualities do not make an annual a financial success. We must have your aid. We must have your subscription. We need the help of every loyal student and alumnus to make this book a success.

Directly or indirectly, we are dependent upon advertising. Without advertising there would be no newspapers as we know them today. No magazines could exist without advertisements, which enable the publishers to issue at the ordinary subscription price. We could have no Ypsi-Dixit or Sem, as the price which we would have to ask for them would be so high. The advertising in the Dixit means to the person who buys it, the difference between two dollars, which we would have to charge without advertising, and seventy-five cents a copy. This means, advertising saves you one dollar and a quarter.

Alumni Department

OUR SCHOLARSHIP FUND

FOREWORD

James B. Angell

President Emeritus, University of Michigan

I am much gratified to hear that the Alumni of the Ypsilanti High School are thinking of establishing a Fellowship in the University for the benefits of the school.

Several of our high schools have set the example, to the great advantage of some of the most brilliant students who have come to the University. Such an enterprise is not only of service to gifted men and women, who but for the help it affords would be unable to take a University course, but it also begets a fine feeling of loyalty and brotherhood in the members of the Alumni Association, and so is of direct service to the school.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPEAL

To the Alumni:

It has been the custom for many years for those who have gone out from Y. H. S. to gather once a year at commencement to enjoy the fellowship that always comes with the reunion of old friends, and to welcome the new eligibles, the graduating class, to membership in the Alumni family.

The Alumni Association of Ypsilanti High School is thoroughly alive, and it is the purpose of the officers and members of the scholarship committee to do something more than meet once each year.

The annual dues of the Alumni Association, 25 cents, are needed for a successful alumni meeting. The scholarship fund is practically established with subscriptions already pledged, amounting to more than \$300. It seems to us that it is our duty to increase this amount by asking every loyal alumnus to help make it possible for any worthy student who has the ability and ambition, at least

to begin a college course. We argue that the Association itself, and the members individually, would be benefited in character and strength by augmenting such a fund; for generosity is retro- and introactive; the help given returns, transformed and multiplied, to the giver.

We therefore earnestly urge every member of the Association which means every graduate of the Ypsilanti High School, to contribute to this fund.

Trusting this appeal will open the hand of every alumnus of the High School, we confidently send it forth.

JOHN H. THOMPSON,

President of the Alumni Association.

THE COMMITTEE'S STATEMENT

(John F. McCann, Chairman Scholarship Fund Committee.)

At the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in June, 1912, the Scholarship Fund Committee was authorized to publish a pamphlet for the purpose of explaining the Fund concisely and bringing it to the attention of each alumnus.

It was found that the pamphlet would cost a considerable sum, more in fact than could be afforded.

We, finally, arranged with the management of the Ypsi Sem to print a special edition featuring the Scholarship Fund. The cost in this way is reduced about one-half and in addition we have an opportunity to show our alumni that their Alma Mater is progressive and alive and has a paper that is awake to every opportunity to "boost" the school.

In the articles following we have endeavored to have the fund discussed from every viewpoint with the special purpose of answering all questions that have been asked regarding it.

You will find the articles brief, concise and

interesting, as the authors in each case are competent authorities upon the subject which they discuss.

Sufficient has already been subscribed to enable us to incorporate at the annual meeting in June. The incorporation should be put in the hands of prominent legal alumni. Immediately after the incorporation the collection of subscriptions can begin and then possibly in a year the fund would be available for use.

The plan at present is to use it as a loan fund to students of the Ypsilanti High School. The loan to be without interest and to be payable one year after graduation from college. We believe this plan would be the most feasible and work the most good.

We take pleasure in enclosing with this issue a blank which you may use to signify your intention of subscribing to the fund. Please do not wait for the other fellow. Be first yourself and let the other fellow follow.

The committee will be glad to have your subscription for a stated amount, payments to be made as you desire. Bear in mind no money is to be sent now, as no one is authorized to accept or receipt the same.

We merely want your subscription and hope that all alumni will regard this as a personal appeal and respond liberally and promptly.

not be a hindrance to the development of sturdy self-respect and independence.

While the main purpose of such a scholarship is to lend aid to worthy young people, who may wish to continue their education in college or university, the reflex effect on the alumni and on the school as an institution would be very great. Interest and participation in establishing the scholarship would strengthen the bond that unites all alike in affection and gratitude with the school. This interest in the school on the part of alumni would be a valuable factor, too, in the progress which the school must make in the near future.

The alumni of the school number a thousand or more, while those who have spent longer or shorter periods here, but have not remained through graduation, run up into the thousands. Among these, both graduates and non-graduates, are many who have risen to distinction in public life, while, almost without exception, all the rest have filled, or are filling positions of usefulness in the home, in business or in professional pursuits. This is said merely to emphasize the thought that nothing could be more worthy of such a body of alumni than to endow a scholarship which should stand as a token of the esteem and gratitude in which their alma mater is held.

THE NEED OF THE FUND

(W. B. Arbaugh, Superintendent of Schools)

Speaking for the school—teachers and students—I can say that the assistance coming from a scholarship fund would frequently be a boon to a young man or woman who has had a continuous up-hill struggle in acquiring an education. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a young person to meet, unassisted, all his expenses through a high school course and to give help, besides, to those partly dependent upon him. But if he wishes to continue his education in college, the outlook is almost hopeless. A little help at this time, until he has finished college and is earning for himself, would make him forever grateful to those who had come to his need. Besides, the help would come as a sort of recognition of worth demonstrated through a high school career and need

THE LAW ON LOAN FUNDS

(Charles M. Woodruff, '69, Chief Counsel Park, Davis & Co., Detroit.)

Inquiry has been made respecting the Michigan law providing for the incorporation of associations for the purpose of establishing loan funds to assist students to attend the Michigan University and certain other state educational institutions.

The provisions of Act 250, 1899, as amended by the Legislature of 1911, are few and simple. Any five or more adult residents of the state may incorporate themselves for the purpose of establishing loan funds for the benefit of school scholars and students of this state, to assist them to attend the University of Michigan, the state normal college at Ypsilanti, the central Michigan normal school at Mt. Pleasant, the Michigan state agricultural college at Lansing,

the Michigan college of mines, or the manual training schools of this state.

Articles of association must be executed in duplicate in the manner prescribed in law, led and recorded in the office of the secretary of state, and in the clerk's office in the county where the society is formed. This being done, the persons executing the articles, and persons afterwards joining them, become a body politic and corporate capable of being sued, for the purpose set forth in the articles of association.

Section 3 prescribes what the articles of association shall contain, and it is not necessary to repeat since an organization of this kind is usually entrusted to careful attorneys who invariably consult the statute itself.

The affairs of the corporation are entrusted to not less than five nor more than fifteen trustees who hold office for not exceeding five years. The regular officers form a part of such trustees. The by-laws are adopted by the trustees who may change them at pleasure; and provision is made for amendment of the articles of association by a two-third vote of the trustees.

Care is taken in Section 5 of the law to safeguard the funds of the corporation. Contributors to this fund, as well as members, are probably more intensely interested in this feature of the law than in any other, and it is therefore well to reprint the section in full:

"Sec. 5. All the funds received by any corporation organized under this act shall be used, after paying necessary expenses, for the exclusive purpose or purposes set forth in the articles of association. And no portion of the funds of such corporation shall be used or contributed toward the erection, completion or furnishing of any building not owned or used by such corporation for the purpose or purposes set forth in its articles of association. Such corporation shall in equity and law be capable of taking and receiving real and personal estate, either by purchase, gift, grant, lease, or bargain and sale, devise and bequest, not exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars, in the aggregate, for the purpose of its incorporation, but for no other purpose, and it shall have power to invest the same at pleasure, and to grant, bargain, mortgage, sell or lease the same for the use of said association; and it shall be lawful to invest the same upon mortgage, or in or by loans on notes or bonds, or municipal, county, state or United States se-

curities; or deposit the same in any reliable bank on interest; but no loans shall be made to any trustee or officer of such corporation: Provided, That any such corporation may, in its articles of association, specify the kinds of securities in which its funds shall be invested, and that no part of its funds shall be invested in any securities other than those named in its articles, or when the securities shall not be specified in the articles of association, then such funds shall only be invested in such securities as are specified in this act. Such corporation shall have the power to make all needful rules and regulations and by-laws for the management of its affairs, not inconsistent with the constitution and laws of this state or of the United States."

It is certainly to be hoped that the Alumni of Ypsilanti Union Seminary (as I prefer to call it) will take advantage of this act by establishing a corporation under it for the purpose of assisting worthy graduates; whatever else may be done in the way of establishing scholarships in the University under Chapter 219 of the Compiled Laws entitled "Associations to Establish University Scholarships"—something this act does not seem to provide for.

THE INVESTMENT OF THE FUNDS

(D.L. Quirk, Jr., Pres., First National Bank Ypsilanti.)

The question of investment of the funds subscribed for the Scholarship naturally comes up at this time.

There are many ways that this money can be invested but, of course, the first thing to consider is safety, and the second, income. We would want to have as large an income from the fund as is consistent with absolute safety.

It would seem the only way to invest this money so it could be readily taken care of and accessible at all times would be an investment of some kind of bonds. There are many bonds on the market and many of them perfectly safe. It would not do to invest trust funds in corporation bonds because the safety of this investment would depend entirely upon the management. Government bonds yield too low a rate of interest to be considered. Railroad bonds are considered perfectly safe but they

are apt to fluctuate in value quite materially, due to any changes in the Government regulations or in their earning capacity. The question, therefore, settles itself down to the class of municipal bonds which will yield in various rates, from 4 to 5½ per cent, depending upon the size and location of the municipality. Bonds in large cities like Detroit, Chicago and New York will not yield above 4 per cent, whereas smaller cities located probably a little farther west or south will yield up to 5½ per cent and be absolutely safe. This is the class of bonds that is being purchased quite largely by insurance companies and they are always salable with very little fluctuation in value. My recommendation, therefore, would be the investment of the fund in the last named class of bonds.

FROM A TEACHER'S VIEWPOINT

(Gerturde T. Breed)

It is a privilege to say a few words about

the Scholarship Fund from the teachers' standpoint, for I believe in it thoroughly.

The high school with which I am connected established such a scholarship fund some years ago in memory of Walter S. Perry. While superintendent of our schools for over thirty years, he always took a great interest in the boys and girls who were hampered by lack of funds, but not lack of brains and sterling moral character. It has proven a blessing to many. Only today I met a pupil who is now in college because of the loan. When I think what it would have meant if she could not have gone on with her work, I rejoice more than ever in the fund. Nearly every year we have a similar case. I scarcely see where a hundred or so could do more more good. Our pupils return the loan at the end of the first year after graduation from college.

It is my earnest hope that the alumni of the Ypsilanti High School who have been blessed with material, as well as with mental and spiritual riches, may consider this call to service.

Financing a College Education

(GEORGE A. DAMON, 89)

A young man should not hesitate to plan for a college education on account of lack of money. Let him learn to do some useful kind of work and prove that he can do it well by earning real money doing it. This "experience" should be combined with the studies preparatory for college. A young man who can do this should have little difficulty in arranging for his college expenses in the following way. Let him get his life insured, say for \$1,000. Term insurance will cost only about \$10.00 per year. With this policy as collateral there are plenty of business men who would lend a young man, with the right kind of credentials from his instructors, sufficient money from time to time to make up the deficit between his incidental earnings and his school expenses. If money can be borrowed in this way at six per cent interest it will not pay the young man to

spend too much of his time during his actual college course in earning money at a low rate of pay per hour—as he can better afford to put his time in on a preparation that will increase his earning capacity. But work during the summers—perhaps a year of practical experience between the junior and senior college years and incidental jobs which can be secured to good advantage during the school years, should produce considerable income, so that the amount of the debt at the end of the college course need not be troublesome.

This type of "investment" will pay the biggest kind of a return—both to the young man and to his friend, the business man. Under these circumstances a young man, of any inherent ability whatever, is extremely unwise if he allows himself to be fooled out of getting a complete college education.

Experiences of a Near-Alumnus

(Edward C. Worden, Ph. C., M. A., D. Sc.)

The writer must be frank and admit that he is not one of those who can point with pardonable pride to being an alumnus of the Ypsi-Sem., having left for definite reasons—mainly financial—at the close of his Junior year, in 1894. After absorbing a sufficient number of chemical reactions and physical formulas to obtain passing marks from Professor Ross in chemistry and physics, and becoming increasingly conscious of a vague idea that I was the nucleus of what might some day develop into very clever chemist, I decided to enter the School of Pharmacy at the U. of M. the coming fall. The intervening vacation was spent between preparing for the university entrance examinations and in shooting sparrows, the County at that time paying a bounty of three cents per head in an effort at extermination. In this way I was able to accumulate sufficient funds to start with, and was able to enter with but few conditions, and these were made up during the first year. The matriculation and annual fees, amounting to thirty-five dollars, was paid from "sparrow checks," cashed with the County Treasurer earlier that same day.

Up to this time my ideas of the future were quite hazy, and I regarded life as an indefinite existence without any very clear or fixed purpose in view. Again, for financial reasons, I found myself obliged to ride from my home (where the general offices of the D. U. R. now are) to Ann Arbor, and return each day, including Saturday. I remember the fall was quite warm, winter slow in approaching, and the hills steep, and before many weeks the compulsory daily twenty-mile ride began to clarify my mind, and eliminate indefinite thoughts, along with superfluous exuberance. It began to dawn upon me that life was becoming decidedly strenuous, and quite earnest; and I began to wonder to what purpose. I thereupon resolved to crystallize my efforts and to become a practical chemist as a life vocation. Plugging up those long hills on my daily trip on the "over the hills to the poor house" road, materially assisted in arriving at a decision. From that time to the present, I have bent my energies toward becoming a

more competent chemist, and to acquiring, systematizing and preserving in a written and immediately available form, all the world's knowledge in a certain limited field. At the present time I have accumulated over forty thousand cards, of five by eight inch size, and these represent a record of all I have done experimentally, all that has been told me that I regarded as trustworthy, and all that has been read covering that particular field of chemistry in which I am especially interested. In my judgement, the proper correlation of knowledge, especially in applied science and engineering, is a pre-requisite to any very advanced progress.

I got along fairly well at the University, enrolling in a combined Pharmacy and Medical Course, but again the question of finance entered, this time so strongly that I was obliged to abandon Medicine after completing about half of the prescribed work. I took advantage of several opportunities to make money while there. One was the preparation of a little written scheme for qualitative chemical analysis, which I sold to the boys for fifty cents. I also coached on a contingent basis some of the students who were preparing for an approaching state examination in Pharmacy, utilizing the noon period and the basement (I always took my lunch from home). I regret to state that undoubtedly(?) due to their intellectual density rather than to any lack of experience on my part, but one passed the State Examination, and from him I received fifty dollars—the largest sum of money I had had in my possession up to that time, and with which I purchased a 9-volume Watt's Dictionary of Chemistry, this being the first set of scientific books I ever owned.

Not from any economy on my part, I was brought up in a plain and frugal manner, and hence not afraid of work. It surprised me, however, to note how congenial work seemed, and how much could be assimilated in a given time, when one had a clear-cut idea in view, and began to realize that he was concentrating on a fixed purpose. I never was what is termed "unusually bright," and from my own experience and the observation of a great many

laboratory assistants whom I have had in my employ at various times, I would, in comparison with a purely brilliant scholar, prefer one whose mental processes were slower, but who had sufficient patience and perseverance to stick to a piece of work until it is creditably finished. Anyone can be patient and persevering if he makes up his mind, and certainly in general science, it is these two qualities that have succeeded where brilliancy and lack of concentration so often fail. The stamina to stick to a thing is a straight road to success. When I was attending the Seminary these things did not make much of an impression upon me, but later when I was obliged to support myself and perhaps others, it began to dawn on me that aimless hustling does not always spell success. I graduated in June, 1896, the second in standing in the class, a fact due, I presume, to the fact that the class was unusually small. The vacation period of 1895 was spent in canvassing, along with Joe Lang, John McCann and John Gunn, (all Seminary boys) introducing to the farmers in different sections of the state that "masterpiece of literature"—I forget just now the remainder of my memorized description of it—called King's Handbook of the United States, of which you have probably never heard. While I took a good many orders, it was found to be quite another thing to obtain the money therefor, when I returned later to deliver the books. Those orders which I had taken in payment for my board, I had no difficulty in subsequently delivering. One place at which I boarded they were so enthusiastic about the book that they insisted upon my leaving my clothes until I returned to deliver their copy. Not that they doubted my integrity in any way. My canvassing experiences were such that I looked forward with sincere pleasure to the opening of the University and the resumption of the twenty-mile per day trips on an antiquated wheel.

After graduation, as I could find no position in chemistry, the summer was spent in Robert Kilian's drug store at the depot, at the total salary of three dollars per week. I do not say that I earned more than was received, though it did seem at that time (but not now) that the world was becoming the loser from the inability of this university graduate chemist to properly demonstrate his superiority. In August, however, due to the kindness of Professor Prescott, I was recommended to the post of assistant chemist at the New York Agricultural

Experiment Station, at Geneva, the position being subject to a satisfactory Civil Service examination, and the remuneration fifty dollars per month. The Civil Service test was passed, and the position made permanent. Each chemist was allowed gratis a suite of rooms furnished, heated and lighted, located on the top floor of the laboratory. It seemed a long wait until the first month's check came, but from that time I have been self-supporting. The chemical work was in the analysis of fertilizers, dairy and farm products, my specific work being the determination of nitrogen. Although I studied consistently and uninterruptedly, the life and work was not such as to my mind would result in very broad advancement, and after practical work in all the official agricultural methods, I left at the close of the third half-year, and took a position as chemist in a large drug store in Rochester, New York, work which turned out to be all pharmaceutical, and none chemical, and was decidedly distasteful.

I knew Manhattan was a great city and reasoned therefore that it must have great and varied opportunities. I arrived there in Feb. 1899 with no position in view, much hope and little funds. It was eight months before I obtained a position, during which time I endured real hardships. I resolved I would not accept a drug store position, and was unable to obtain one of a chemical nature. However, I continued to study chemistry in a systematic manner, and finally became a member of a corporation of four analytical and consulting chemists and bacteriologists, which was just organizing in Jersey City. At least that is what the "two-color" letterhead said, and it also had printed on it in a conspicuous place my name and university degree. I spent much time in writing letters, using the "firms" letterhead, just to impress upon the boys at home the situation in the metropolis with respect to myself. There is a readily perceivable reason why my correspondence had been neglected during the few months past. The elder two of the "corporation" were soon found to be bankrupts and rascals, and after six months' experience that was more real than theoretical, the two junior members deserted and established an independent laboratory in New York City at 27 Union Square, on Broadway. Twelve dollars was invested in a gilt sign which read Crane and Worden, and by actual trial the sign was found to be readable nearly three

blocks distant. The writer then made a personal canvas of over two thousand physicians and nearly as many wholesale houses which handled materials susceptible of chemical examination, and during the two years in business climbed to a monthly gross income of ninety dollars. After taking out all expenses, the remains of even ninety dollars look small when divided between two only once per month. There was water and gas, of course, in the laboratory, and during the entire time I used to do certain weekly experiments not listed in the usual chemical text books, such as my washing, ironing and pressing of clothes. My hygienic condition was looked after by Saturday night ablutions in the laboratory sink, which was large and deep. My partner had sufficient funds to continue indefinitely in this manner, but an opportunity arising with a firm with whom we had dealings, I became chemist at their factory at Springfield, N. J., while Dr. Crane continued the business alone. This was the first, real, earnest and wide-awake opportunity for me, and with my previous experience as an asset I was not long in realizing the true situation and conducting myself accordingly. This firm produced nitrocellulose, which in various forms is known as collodion, pyroxylin, gun cotton and celluloid. I immediately set to work to obtain all the books on the subject, which I found to my surprise were but few and decidedly elementary. With more enthusiasm than discretion I set about endeavoring to collect, correlate and edit the entire chemical knowledge on the subjects embraced in the work of this company, little realizing the prodigious amount of work the undertaking involved. However, as a result, I published in 1911 a 2-vol. 1240-page compendium on this Nitrocellulose Industry, more complete and comprehensive than any hitherto issued in any language, a copy of which, I believe, Professor Ross has in his library. I was able to produce this work not on account of any especially abnormal power, but simply because I was willing to make either a stronger, or a more prolonged effort in this direction, than any one else heretofore. This required eight years of labor. At the present time this work is being issued in German in a much more complete and amplified form, and when completed will contain upwards of forty-five thousand patent and bibliographic references to the work of nearly six thousand different investigators.

I wish I might be able to impress upon you,

young ladies and young men who read this sketch—and I refer especially to the young men who will eventually become the heads of families—that there can be no more appropriate time than the present for you to sit down and have a square talk with yourself and find out the field in which you believe you are best adapted to succeed. Another way to express this is, to find a field of work in which you are willing to make the strongest effort. After you have once made up your mind, then begin to develop the patience and perseverance to attain that end. I have seen so many young men hesitate because they apparently felt they either had not the opportunity or were deficient in brightness or keenness. I have proved to my own satisfaction in real life, and have observed it in others who had won my respect, that it is not the “genius” with a wonderful inco-ordinated brain and a prodigious memory, but the fellow who “plugs on” and “sticks”, who most often succeeds, and does things that are worth while. Thomas Edison is not a brilliant man, but whatever work he starts he tackles with fierce energy. I know this from personal observation.

In 1903 I changed work again, this time becoming chief chemist for a thread concern, where I have the chemical supervision of the output of thirteen thousand operatives. In endeavoring to increase my earning power, I found I needed to be able to read scientific French and German at sight, and was otherwise deficient in literary style and in mathematics. I used to think it was hard to attend school in the day time, but I concluded it was harder to work all day, and then attend school in the evening, arriving home after a thirty mile ride, at nearly eleven o'clock, for five evenings in the week.

This is especially true when in addition to yourself, there is a family to support. However, by attending evening university extension courses for five years, including a six weeks summer school, I received several degrees which in themselves mean nothing; and in that manner was able to obtain instruction in those lines where I was conspicuously deficient. How much better and less expensive to me it would have been had I acquired this knowledge at the Seminary when I was living at home.

A chemist near or in a large manufacturing district has opportunities for consulting work in lines differing from that in which he

is regularly engaged. Last year I testified in Berlin and Paris in a certain chemical patent litigation between a Boston and a foreign firm, along lines which I had developed entirely independent of my daily work. Chemists are of value in enabling manufacturers to produce materials cheaper without an increase in cost. This they do by developing new or improved methods of treatment. If a firm can increase the output without a corresponding expense increase, and make their product more uniform and satisfactory as the result of chemical knowledge and ingenuity, then a chemist is of decided value.

I do not wish to appear to suggest that chemistry is a particularly attractive field. What I have said, so far as I am aware, applies with equal force to any literary or scientific vocation. The point to remember is that you not only have to see, but observe; not only think, but contemplate; and above all, whatever it is that you settle upon as your life

work, begin now to cultivate sufficient patience to stick to it until you know so much about that particular subject that you will be of distinct value to some firm or individual. And finally, begin at once to systematize and preserve the oral and printed information you require, by placing it in a permanent manner upon separate cards for future reference.

What has been stated in regard to my experiences are actual facts precisely as they occurred. Although you pupils, who will read this, were unborn at the time I attended this school, I am interested in you and in your future because it was at this same Ypsilant Seminary that I received my early training, and in the chemical laboratory that I had instilled into my mind by Professor Ross those fundamental scientific precepts—a judicious blending of wisdom, helpfulness and sympathy—which, in this instance, have led to an honorable, a happy, and a successful life.

Alumni Notes

L. F. Kebler, '87, Y. H. S., graduated from the University of Michigan, 1890, and the medical department of George Washington University later, now Chief of the Drug Division, Bureau of Chemistry, delivered a lecture before the Knights of King Arthur, December 18th on the subject of "Opium, its preparations and effects." The same day he was elected president of the District Branch of the American Pharmaceutical Association.

At the December meeting of the Association for the Prevention of Alcoholism and Inebriety, Dr. Kebler gave an address entitled

"Efforts and Effects of checking drug inebriety."

At the January meeting of the District Branch of the American Pharmaceutical Association, Dr. Kebler discussed the subject of Anti-Narcotic Legislation, Drug Standards, and some of the interpretations put upon the latter by the Courts.

He has just been appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture a member of the medical service which was instituted in the Department for the purpose of emergency medical attendance and to consider contagious diseases as they arise in the Department.



School News

Miss Nina Parsons visited school Monday afternoon, February the tenth.

Bert Thayer was absent from school the third week of February because of illness.

During the first part of this month, Mr. Nat Hopkins suffered from an injury to his right eye, caused by a blow dealt by the heel of a fellow-sufferer.

The Sophomore class held a party at the Country Club, Saturday evening, the fifteenth, and although there were only about twenty-five couples present all had a fine time.

About twenty-five pupils entered the Freshman class at the beginning of the second semester. The larger part of these are from the eighth grade, although some come from the Normal Training School and country schools.

Twenty-five of the Y. M. C. A. boys got together for a banquet in Mr. Ross's room, Thursday, January the twenty-ninth. The entertaining committee, with Mr. Tefft chairman, served the meal and are to be thanked for it, as it was certainly enjoyed. The president then introduced Mr. Foster of Detroit, Secretary of Boys, Work in the Y. M. C. A. He spoke upon the "Marks of a Man," saying, "The men in the Y. M. C. A. meet a great number of young men, sometimes, sometimes seeing them only once or twice, sometimes becoming well acquainted with them. The marks he noticed were the young men's religion."

Mr. Ross was then introduced and spoke on "character building." He gave them the

valuable truth, "the greatest thing to develop character is to develop the spiritual side of life." Mr. "Beno" Brown told "What the bunch can do," giving some valuable suggestions. Mr. Meriss of Detroit then gave a short talk upon the subject, "Don't die on third." After a word by Mr. Arbaugh and a vote of thanks to the men from Detroit, the banquet was over.

The Y. M. C. A. was called to order at 7 o'clock Thursday, the thirteenth, by the President. Fourteen new members were voted in and then Dr. Johnson was introduced. He gave them a very interesting talk on Mexico, telling of the history, government, climate and characteristics of the people. After his talk, it was decided to have a banquet either every other meeting, or once a month. The committee has arranged some new programs and the members and committee are cooperating to make the Y. M. C. A. a success.

The Philomathian Literary Society met Thursday, the sixth, at three fifteen and elected the following officers for the coming semester:

President, Nellie Culver.
Vice-President, Ethel Clarke.
Secretary, Ardis Bentley.
Treasurer, Helen Hayward.

The Philomathian Literary Society met Thursday, February twentieth, at 3:15. The roll call was answered by quotations from Lincoln. The program was as follows:

Sketch of Lincoln.....Helen Kniseley
ReadingMiss Horrigan
Origin of Valentine's Day.....Ardis Bentley



The House of Representatives

The House of Representatives was organized about the first of January and is certainly here to stay. It has, at present, over sixty members and, as it is for their interests to attend, there are few absent. The House was started for the purpose of improvement in the arts of oratory and debate, and especially in Parliamentary practice. Every member is supposed to present one bill every eight weeks and the best of these are debated upon. This organization was needed badly in the school, and the members are "boosting" it excellently, and so, at present, it is the liveliest organization in the high school.

The third meeting of the House was held Tuesday, January the twenty-eighth. Representatives of the states were appointed by lot, and a committee chosen to consist of the Speaker and two other members, to call upon Mr. Quirk, explain the organization to him, and inform him of his election to membership.

The House met at the regular time, the fourth, in Room B. The minutes of the last meeting were read and the seating was given out. It was decided that all absent representatives be fined ten cents and all representatives fifteen minutes late be fined five cents and this was added to the temporary rules. These rules are to be dispensed with when the rules committee presents new ones and they are adopted. The names of the various committees were read and the chairmen are as follows:

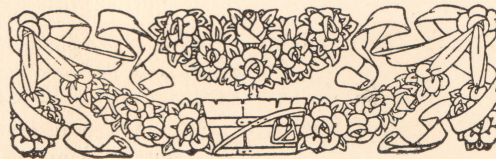
Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Lewis.
Rules Committee, Mr. Robert James.
Membership Committee, Mr. Tefft.
Debating Committee, Mr. Bellows.
Press Committee, Mr. Brown.
Committee on Foreign Affairs, Mr. D'Ooge.
Committee on Bills, Mr. Boyce.

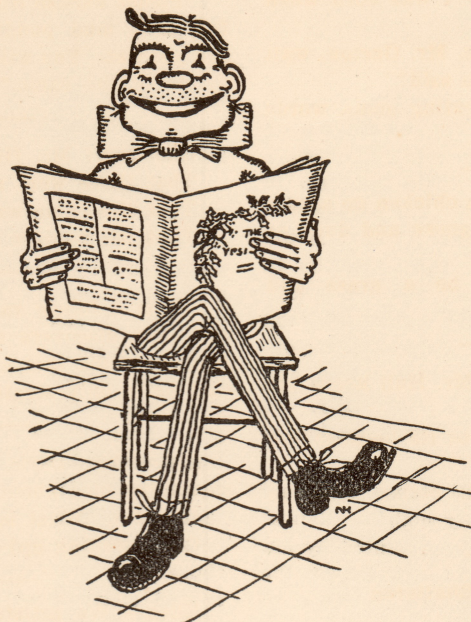
The motion, that the officers make their inaugural speech, was carried. These were delivered and noisily applauded. Mr. Hull suggested that the chairmen of the committees give short speeches, after which Mr. Hull of

Maine responded to a like request. Mr. Arbaugh spoke a few words and the House adjourned at 8:18.

The House was called to order by Speaker Robinson at seven o'clock Tuesday the eleventh, and the minutes of the last meeting were read by assistant clerk Kishlar, and adopted as read. It was decided to have the roll call answered by the state, the members represents. Ten new members were voted in, and asked to make speeches. The clerk and assistant clerk were instructed to give them states and seats. Only one bill was presented, which was referred to the bills committee. Mr. Robert James made a motion that the bills presented be divided into three classes by the Bills Committee, first class, those that are reported back for discussion, second class, those that are accepted but not reported back, and, third class those that are no good, and that the members presenting this bill be required to introduce another one. This motion was carried. Mr. Bellows of Idaho, chairman of the Debate Committee, gave a report of those who would debate next meeting on bills presented.

The meeting of February eighteenth was called to order and minutes of last meeting read. The bill for changing the term of President from four to six years was reported favorably and in the first class by the Bills Committee. It was moved and carried that the House resolve itself into a committee of the whole. Mr. Lewis was appointed chairman. The bill was debated on. It was moved and seconded that we rise and report favorable to the House. The bill, voted upon by roll call, was defeated by two votes. There were seven new bills presented to the House and then referred to the committee on bills. After a report of the Debate Committee and the voting in of new members who shall make a speech of at least ten words, the House adjourned at 9:24.





J O S H E S

An old Irishman was giving a talk on the subject "Patriots." He said that he would divid his subject under two heads, as the minister always did. Thus he would first discuss "Pat." In fact he would dwell sometime on "Pat," because he said, it would not be necessary to talk long about 'riots, for where-ever Pat was there were sure to be "riots."

—:o:—

Fond Mother—"Willie, where did you learn to swear like that?"

Young Hopeful—"Pa's shaving, uncle's golf, grandpa's auto, and your parrot!"

—:o:—

Miss H. (in Eng. IV): "What was Archimago doing while the aforesaid sprite was on his mission to Morpheus."

Pupil (Inspired by malicious whisper) : "He was making a lion."

Miss H.: "I'm not sure I understand your answer."

Pupil: (on the defensive): "Well that's what they told me to say."

Miss H.: "What a sad necessity to be forced to suspect the information of a bright classmate!"

Miss H. (Eng. IV): What do you find in the 4th verse, Mr. Truesdell?"

Mr. T.: "The Beautiful Lady."

—:o:—

Bella: He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt.

Della: Well?

Bella: He has no life insurance, and I pitied his poor old mother.

—:o:—

A New Kind of Cow

A little boy, seeing an elephant for the first time, shouted:

"O pop, look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail."

—:o:—

H. K.—"Miss Laird says there is not much difference between any of us."

F. M.—"Well, that may be, but some of us are most grateful for what difference there is."

—:o:—

First Suffragette—"If we want to get the young girls interested in our meetings we must have something to attract them.

Second Suffragette—"Which would it better be? Refreshments or men?"

Mr. Gorton (Mod. Hist.)—"I was born when my country was perishing."

Miss R.—"Wait a minute, Mr. Gorton, wait a minute, what was that you said?"

W. G.—"I was just repeating some words of Napoleon."

—:o:—

N. Hopkins—"If you saw a chicken go across the street, would you be a goose and duck or do the turkey trot?"

Ed.—"Neither. I would be a grass and hopper."

—:o:—

Helen: "I wonder why Mr. Hull keeps his eyes open during prayer."

Mad.—"I don't know unless its because the Bible says 'Watch and Pray.'"

H.—"Well, I believe it is better when he does more watching."

—:o:—

Another Romance Shattered

A maid, a boy,
What bliss! What joy!
* * * ! ! !

Miss Hary appears.
"Away, my dears."

(Figuratively)

—:o:—

Visitor to Y. H. S.—"Are you a student here?"

Louis—"No. I'm in on a life sentence."

—:o:—

Miss Roberts—"What are the three most used words in H. S.?"

N. G.—"I don't know."

Miss R.—"Correct. Be seated."

—:o:—

The Seniors are the wisest and highest,
The Sophomores the fastest and meanest(?)
The Juniors the deadest and dryest,
The Freshmen the softest and greenest,
Of any class in school.

—:o:—

Burglar—"Take back your purse, laly. Youse has got more use for a button hook an' a powder puff than what I have."

—:o:—

Miss H.—"Philip, correct the sentence 'The toast was drank in silence.'"

Boyce—"The toast was ate in silence."

"Please excuse Russel for his absence as he fell in a mud puddle on the way to school and got wet. You will greatly oblige his mother by doing the same."—Mrs. S.

—:o:—

One night Mr. Hull dreamed:
That there were no tardy marks;
That the choir was never off the key;
That the Seniors got the Junior flag.

—:o:—

When a fellow raises his hat to some girl and then discovers that she is a stranger it requires some tact and skill to make believe that he is only scratching his head.

—:o:—

Cid—"Say, Doris, do you know there is something nice about you?"

D.—"No. What is it?"

Cid (swelling up)—"Me."

—:o:—

Ellen—"We artists live in a world of our own—a world totally unlike that in which we here live."

Eleanor—"Just what I said when I saw your landscapes."

—:o:—

Marie K.—"I've been reading about a Boston physician who tells what ails you by just holding your hand."

Bernice—"I must tell that to Bob. He's thinking of studying medicine."

—:o:—

Lady—"How dirty your face is, little boy."

Boy—"Yes'm. We ain't had company for over a week."

—:o:—

Miss Murphy—"Have you a musical dictionary?"

—:o:—

"Learn anything new at school, Tommy?"

"Yes, grandpa. Teacher told us that shoes are made from all kinds of skins."

"What about banana skins?"

"Oh, they often make slippers."

—:o:—

Mr. Hull

Fee, fi, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of a tardy one.
Be he absent or be he late,
I'll flunk him, as sure as fate.

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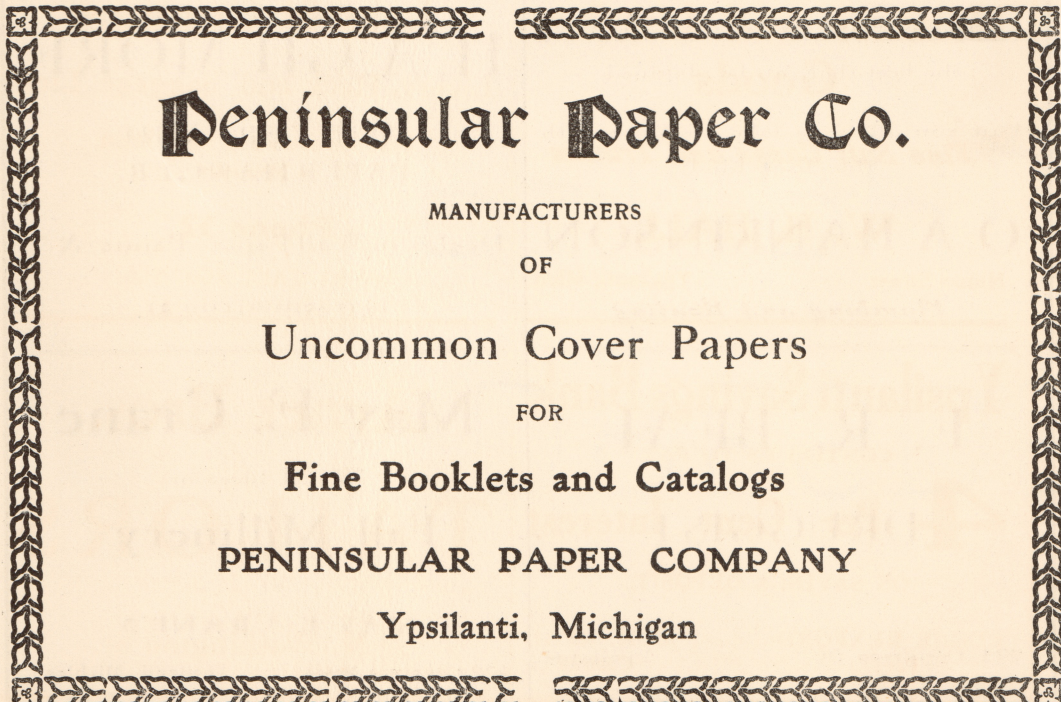
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